

Phenomenal Portrayal

by whelmedwithaster

Category: How to Train Your Dragon

Genre: Romance

Language: English

Characters: Stoick, Valka

Status: Completed

Published: 2014-06-20 13:12:21

Updated: 2014-06-20 13:12:21

Packaged: 2016-04-26 18:14:37

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 435

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Stoick just doesn't seem to be able to comprehend Valka's beauty.

Phenomenal Portrayal

****A/N** - The song tho, if you've seen the movie or you don't mind spoilers go listen to that damn song whilst reading this (For The Dancing And The Dreaming). It makes me cry******

"You're as beautiful as the day I lost you."

She was beautiful.

Not in the typical clear face and bright eyes portrayal of beauty, with dark hair cascading down a lean back. No. She was more than that. Instead beauty became a portrayal of her. It represented her because she was beautiful in so many more ways than just one superficial perception. Thousands of portrayals burst out from her very being, sucking you in like a black hole whether you wanted to explore its dangerous depths or not; it dragged you in without mercy and, despite all efforts to battle against it like the most rugged and monstrous Viking you were, you enjoyed the journey. They even made your own personal portrayal melt and falter slightly. But each and every single one of those voids of persistent portrayals were beautiful, albeit different. They affected you.

Her face was a night sky: straining against the stubborn seams until thousands upon thousands of stars spilled out in a never ending shower of comets. They sparkled and gleamed, raining down upon you in the otherwise eerie darkness. They lit up your life as the stars buzzed and span, crackling out light like fireflies in an open field whilst you fluttered your dusty wings like a moth in awe over an open fire. Her face shone as worry lines disappeared, transforming into crinkles of joy; obliterating the powder from your wings, enabling you to finally glitter, with just the sweet scented blow from a

breathy chuckle.

Although cracks of light smashed through the crinkles, her face was still shrouded in mystery. You knew her better than anyone else but that didn't necessarily mean that you knew her at all. You could recognise the fractions of the night sky and what each star meant in each placement from before but still, she had never revealed the entire solar system of her life, let alone her whole universe, to you. You were restricted to just one planet and one star and one moon; the rest of the stars remained a mystery of wonder to you. You were allowed to see, and to gently brush your fingers against the sparkling forms, but no further. You weren't entitled to travel the unknown. Not yet. That was something you had to do together and to each other: discover; rediscover; learn and sense each other's galaxies.

She was a mystery: phenomenal.

End
file.